and hang them in sun and air. Five minutes with a broom and the whole house is effectively cleaned!

The hospitality and goodwill of these people is beyond belief. We had never met or heard of the proud owner of this new house, yet he had spread his benches with rugs and carpets for us, had raised some glass bottles (incredibly precious things these) and filled them with flowers to do us honour. So we sat in comfort and asked innumerable questions, supplementing all we had learned from Kalbi's house and proudly showing off how much we knew. Qudrat Ullah and I worked the measuring tape and sang out various dimensions which David entered on the rough plan he had sketched. And as we worked we chatted about all sorts of things, and found our host most interesting, as indeed all people are who are close in touch with real life—the bore is a pernicious product of 'civilization. Before we went away they brought two huge dishes of peaches and lovely grapes and bunches of flowers for us to take home. We said all the nice things we could think of and wished the family happiness and long life in the new house and plenty of children to fill it, though to judge by the dozens of merry little faces crowding in the background and peering round the entrance, there was no shortage of these in the neighbourhood. The Hunza children (as I have said more than once) are delightful: bright-eyed and eager, yet perfectly mannered. They never interrupt, they never bother you, they disappear like magic if bidden to go, but they love to see and hear all that is going on. While the men were purposefully, gravely talking, I would keep one half my mind at leisure, smile and nod across at the womenfolk, wordlessly implying: "Yes, we know what men are, don't we, you and I?" I would wag a finger in greeting to one or another of the small boys and girls, and then find another catching my eye and demanding an equal attention; I would tickle an adjacent toddler, who responded with a judiciously muffled squeal, and the whole group of households were our friends.

When finally we said good-bye, we could not insult our host by offering money in return for his kindness and the fruit. So next day I plundered my store-room and took out a small

291 Afrots, joining devoutly in the admiration of her baby ^
858 brother, volunteered: "And now I put on my tunic right side out!" I looked up at Soni, mystified. She laughed and explained that the last-born of a family always wore its little shift inside out until the next baby came. She could not tell me *why*. It just was "done." If no further child is born, the youngest on reaching seven, is promoted to the right side of its clothes.

291 Up till six or seven the young children of both sexes wear no garment but the one cotton shift and cap (with a home-spun cloak for the cold); after that they are outfitted with baggy trousers of but slightly different cut, the boys' held in at the ankle by a plain, straight band, the girls' by a more elaborate "cuff," something like our spats. There is no rigid rule about the kind of cotton cloth used—it depends, no doubt, primarily on what happens to be available when the family is able to buy—but the men and boys mainly affect plain striped shirtings and the women bright-patterned chintz. Since a whole "piece" will be bought at a time, if often happens that all the women and girls of one household will be dressed at the same time in the same stuff. You often see women in plain stripes, however, and more rarely some boy-Benjamin in an amazing chintz shirt.